The Coming Change. Still winter howls, but in his cry
A plainting wail declares his fate;
He sees a sign in earth and sky,
He hears a tiny voice, clate
With hope for spring a better fate.

He dreads the songs that, from the earth, With thousand numerous voices raise; They tell him of a coming birth, An eye that blooms, a wing that flies, And hosts, that all his power despise.

Ay, spring at hand, with all her flowers,
Her sunny blooms, her genial rays,
Sufficient 'o o'erthrow his powers;
In very songs, in idlest plays,
To shake the throne from which he swavs.

The moonlight creeps from plain to grove The green to silver turns, and soon The bird of spring, made free to love, As grateful for love's generous boon, Pours out, on midnight air, his tune.

The song finds echoes for the heart,
But moves us not, like him, to sing; For we have seen our hopes depart, Our moonlight, with our dreams, take

And leave no promise of our spring. Yet glorious memories still we keep,
Of seasons that our souls have known;
These lift us up, though still we weep,
And though the flowers they brought are

gone, The pure sweet scent remains our own.

Ay, grateful memories yet are ours,
The pride, the worth, the virtuous fame;
More precious than all blooms of flowers— The souls that fate could never tame.

The memories grand that knew not shame.

Shall these not bring, in other years, The freshness of a spring that glows Triumphant through long terms of years? Shall not our homes, made free of foes, Even as the desert, bring the rose? Even for our hearts, as for our skies,

I hear a voice of coming spring;
The blight to other regions flies—
Our bird shall once more find his wing,
And songs of sweet deliverance sing. Even from the graves of buried years,
The shrines of glorious actions gone,
Prophetic strains now fill mine ears,
That tell of tyrannies overthrown.
The felon foiled, the despot down.

God's works of grand revenges, rise. In his own seasons, sure as these, That now with beauty crown our skies Make fruitful earth, and, with the

breeze, Bring blessings o'er a thousand seas. HAMPDEN-SYDNEY.

A CHOSTLY BRIDECROOM.

The celebrated Viscount Turrene, in his earlier youth, was a man of pleasure in the innocent sense of that word; it was his constant maxim that man was formed for two purposes, to be virtuous and to be happy. He did not contine the latter term within the limits of any philosophical the-ory—he understood happiness as the world, and not as the philosophers understood it. Being of a gay disposition, he gave it free vent; and the levities of his youth were as much the subject of conversation as the heroism of his maturer years has become the theme of history.

Like many others of that period. the father of Turrene was persuaded that his son would make his fortune at Paris, but with that kind of blind ness, not uncommon to parents, he expected this desired event by means very little suited to the character and mind of the young Chevalier. Will it be credited, that Turrene was sent to the court of Louis XIV for the purpose of making his fortune by

entering into the Sorbonne? Accordingly, with ten Louis d'Ors in his pocket, the young Turrene was conducted by his father to the town nearest his paternal chateau, whence the good old gentleman saw his son safely into a previously tage. his son safely into a provincial stage, and, with many blessings, left him

on his road to Paris.

Turrene, when a few miles on his road, got into conversation with a fellow-passenger; and there being in the vehicle but this gentleman and himself, they soon became as much acquainted as if they had passed the whole of their lives together. Turrene, himself, was always noted for his candor and pleasantry, and the young Chevalier, his fellow-passen-ger, seemed much of the same cha-racter. There were no limits, therefore, to their mutual confidence. Turrene entered into a narrative of his expectations; and his companion, equally communicative, informed Turrene of all the circumstances of his situation.

Turrene learned by this detail that the name of his companion was the Chevalier Dupaty; that he was the son of an old citizen of Blois, and was going to Paris on a visit to a merchant, the old friend of his father, with the purpose of marrying the old gentleman's daughter. Old Monsieur Dupaty and the Parisian merchant had, it seems, been educated together; and though so separated by the events of their future life, they had scarcely seen each other for twenty years, they had mu-tually retained that affectionate remembrance not uncommon in like situations. The old merchant, whose name is given as Monsieur St. George, had therefore sent an invitation to Monsieur Dupaty to endeavor to unite their families; expressing in the same letter what he would give with his daughter, and what he should expect the young Dupaty would bring with him. The letter concluded, that if old Dupaty agreed to the proposal, the young Chevalier should be sent with a bag of five hundred crowns, and the nuptials be forthwith concluded.

"Have you never seen your intended, Chevalier?" said Tarrene.
"Never," replied the young Du-

"Nor the old gentleman?" rejoined

"Nover, my friend," re-added the control of the waster of the said the, "it is enough, I have disable to the a singular union, then" said Turrene; 'but prehasit these things are not so men the worse for being done blindoleder, the sore of the being done blindoleder.

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